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# The Blood Red Moon



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## Chapter 1 by George Langham

"Through the thick of the woods and the shimmering glare  
the moon up above lights up the air

What the blood red moon brings it should come as no surprise

To a place with a meaning only few understand the gathering six holding each other's hands."

## Chapter 2 by R



The Gathered Six stand in a circle, and the roof opens up, letting the light of the blood red moon  
shine down upon them.

"We call upon you, moon of blood, moon of life, moon of death." They chanted, in unison. "We  
call upon you, moon of blood, moon of life, moon of death."

The first broke the chain and stepped in to the center of the circle.

"I wish for love, true love. I call upon you, moon of blood, moon of life."

I wish for revenge. I call upon you,

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I wish for revenge. I call upon you,

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I wish for revenge. I call upon you,

"I wish for eternity. I call upon you, moon of life, moon of death."

The fourth,

"I wish for peace. I call upon you, moon of life."

The fifth,

"I wish for power. I call upon you, moon of blood, moon of life, moon of death."

And the sixth,

"I wish for justice. I call upon you, moon of blood, moon of life."

The circle was fully reformed, and they continued the chant they had started with when suddenly, something shocked them into silence.

### Chapter 3 by Ella



The sound of a low growl was circling them. Shivers were running down their spines. Then the Wolf spoke in their heads.

"I've seen your hearts. Your deepest desires and your fears.

The justice you seek, I give with my teeth." he spoke to the sixth.

To the fifth and the third he said,

"The power, the eternity you want, is given by my curse.

The revenge you wish, I get with my claws." he finally told the second.

All of a sudden his paws stopped grinding against the stone floor. He jumped in the middle of their circle, howling to the moon. His red eyes turned towards the first and the fourth.

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I shall rip you apart, you know.

## Chapter 4 by Ella



They all looked away, closing eyes tightly, as they heard their screams of agony. The pleased growling was disgusting to hear, but they all stayed quiet. The smell of death was hanging up in the night air, the blood moon throwing dim red light on the cruel slaughter.

The third peeked through the black mask they all were wearing under red hooded full-length cloaks. Two bodies were lying on the floor in a strange angle, blood puddles around them. The Gathered stopped holding hands long ago. They shook with fear as the Wolf spoke through their minds once again, his cold voice ringing in their heads.

"As for the four of you, I make an offer.

The blood moon ends in three days time, so listen carefully, there's nowhere to hide.

I shall pass my curse to the four of you, if you seek me all when the time runs through.

One single bite, it shall not hurt, unless you taste good, I give you my word.

I shall grant you my gift, if each brings me a thing, but you've all got to be very, very much swift."

He jumped in front of the fourth one.

"You seek revenge, well so be it, I demand for that a piece of your friend. Bring me his arm, his leg, his head and your part of the deal is smoothly checked."

He then circled the sixth, his grand tail running smoothly across the woollen cloth.

"You wish for justice in this cruel, cruel world. So bring me the thing, that can't be lured. I want the Witch of the Underland, if you don't pass, nothing shall stay from you to mend."

His red eyes glanced to the fifth.

If you truly wish for power, bind him to the Rock below, kill the king and see the queen, then bind them both to me, the last." See more of Story Wars

As his claws crunched against

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"Eternity, you say, is what you like, but I don't think you can afford this price. To give you the immortal life I need you to hunt something harder to find." He paused, staring right into the black eyes of the third. "Bring me the girl, that wants true love, she wishes for it more than this dead dove. As she'll lay eyes on you, she'll fall in love at first sight and you'll love her too, that shall not be denied. But mark my words if you run away, I shall find and kill you both, along with them, nobody on this world shall stay."

## Chapter 5 by Ella



A thousand miles away a girl opened her eyes. The goosebumps on her skin had a thin layer of sweat on it and she was shaking like mad from the terrifying nightmare she has just woken up from. A cold breeze blew through the old ramshackled window, the night was freezing. She scrambled out of her bed, wrapping the long nightgown tightly around her tiny body. Checking the bed next to hers, she saw her little sisters, sleeping still. Her scared gaze softened at sight of them and she smuggled out of their room as quietly as she could.

She helped herself to a glass of water that was left in the bucket from their fountain, thinking about the strange dreams. In their small village, called Fellimore, there wasn't a single person, that wouldn't fear the horrifying legend about the Wolf.

He was a terrible, terrible beast. He was bigger than an ordinary wolf, almost as big as a bear, his fangs sharp and yellow, his claws even sharper, almost a foot long, his breath stinked like a thousand rotting bodies and his enormous eyes were as red as blood. That was in his wolf form, at least. There were stories circling around these days, stories, telling the Wolf was actually a human. An immortal one, who could become a wolf on the night of every full moon.

The legend said he would come to the village every full moon, kidnapping little children and eating them. The villagers were worried for their ancestors, but then one of the Elders found a solution to their problem. They sacrificed a pig for the Wolf every full moon, so he wouldn't eat their children anymore. It worked, but he gradually stopped coming. So the people stopped granting him gifts too, but that was a mistake. They weren't familiar the Wolf's other powers.

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cave again and people took measures. They started sacrificing animals to him again and they lived in peace.

The Wolf stopped coming to Fellimore, but the people never stopped placing pigs on the altar again. They feared him too much.

The girl put the glass back into the cupboard, leaning on the counter. She was completely awake now and she was sure she wasn't going to be able to sleep anymore. It was dark and she didn't know the time, so she decided to go outside.

She got dressed, put on her boots and the red cloak, that her grandmother made for her, cracking the front door open as quietly as she could. On her way out she grabbed her dead father's bow and arrows for protection. You never know what you can meet in the woods at night. As she was walking on the poor streets of her village, she glanced up in the sky, digging her hills in the dirt. It was the first night of the blood moon.

## Chapter 6 by StarWolf8



She shivered and stared up at the sky, mesmerized. Why was everything so terrible also so beautiful?

A thump jolted her out of her daydream. Was she being followed? No, she convinced herself. It was just an animal, some creature of the night. She still couldn't help worrying. "It isn't", she told herself, "it can't be. They are far, far away. They'll never find you here."

She tiptoed on, growing ever closer to her destination. A few minutes later, she heard another thump. She whirled around. Nothing. Slowly, she turned back around and continued cautiously. The village was a small, poor town, filled with rickety houses. It was a miracle they stayed up. At this time of night, the windows were all covered up and the doors closed and locked. Everyone had to be extremely cautious after sunset, and that superstitious cautiousness was dramatically increased on the tense, fearful nights of the blood moon.

A while later, she had left her town, and the number of homes decreased slowly until there were none. Nobody dared to live near the outskirts of town. It was too dangerous, too much risk that

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chuckle sounded in her head. It grew louder and louder, and soon it was a maniacal, evil laugh, drowning out every other sound in the world.

## Chapter 7 by The Beautiful Weirdo



The girl fell to her knees and started praying to her mother's gods. She had heard her mother pray in times of desperate need when she and her sisters were starving or hurt, and they had always pulled through. The laughter swirls around her, taunting her with the sound of evil.

It whispers to her in a language she does not recognize, and the sound echoes in the nearby forest. She knows there is no one who can help her. The footsteps sound louder and louder until they stop right in front of her. The girl stops praying and looks up slowly through her red hood.

A creature shrouded in black fabric and shadows stands in front of her, and the cold that radiates from it makes the girl shiver. It whispers in its strange language and she shakes her head. "I can't understand you." She was surprised how come she sounded because she was visibly shaking.

The creature tilts its head as if listening and thinking. It says only a few more strange words, and as it says these the girl can slowly begin to understand them.

"Identify."

## Chapter 8 by Samui\_san



"Identify?"

The sound of her own voice startles the girl a little bit. When had her mouth opened and shaped those syllables? She trembled in fear, lowering her head and continuing to pray. Surely the creature would not take offense?

As she prays, she notices something strange happening to the grass beneath her feet. The blades curl, withering slowly away as crystals of what look like ice trail along the ground. The air

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